

Utah Home of Iowa Who Has Done Irrigation Wonders



BY LEONARD FOWL, JR. SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT THE OMAHA BEE.

AYSON, Utah, Nov. 12.—(Special Correspondence.)—Crestlight, Carmichael, West, Bailey! Familiar names, aren't they? Woven into the history, the annals of the old and the new west, it was strange enough to hear them echoed out here in this Utah valley one pleasant Sunday afternoon. Little flashes of the past, half erased scratches on memory's plate, the markings of their careers, clear enough as the white-poled front master, seated in front of an open grille, where the poplar wood cracked and spat out little tongues of flame across the broad stripings of an old-fashioned rag carpet, discussed his days as a teamster; the days when those other men were building the Union Pacific railway into the romantic distances of the west; across the broad plains; through the purple hills and over the silver rivers of the "way-out wonder land."

Do you know that once in a while it grows almost remarkable to me to find that wherever there is a better building than usual; a better kept farm; a finer looking flock of sheep; a little better home; that some man from Iowa or Kansas or Nebraska is behind it all. There is something about the frugality of those mid-west boys; their thrift; their industry; their sense to take their own, all the rough places; that smooths the road before them; that takes out the "thank-you-mama" and makes for a green, a hearty, a well-provided-for, old age. And so it was with me this Sunday afternoon. Through home in the best of all this broad valley; there were 800 sheep in the field, all ready to go to the dipping grounds at Goshen; the horses were fine stock; and over the whole of the 40 acres there were the marks of intelligence, of foresight, of good husbandry. We drove to a strictly local, where West mountain tips down into Utah lake, where we could overlook it all. And farther east the eyes of man have never dwelt upon.

The night before it had rained, and the heavy clouds still dangled about the snow-capped peaks of Diamond mountains; a lofty bill of the Wasatch range, fleecy clouds were tumbling, pell-mell, down its slopes, browned and darkened by the frosty touch of the mid-October nights. To the left of it, far up on the highest peaks, snow was falling; lower down it had turned to rain, which streams, like a flood of silver, through the sun, yet lower it had turned to a mist and through this there was a rainbow, wondrously colored; its many lines just touching a dip in the hills, as though there were a Brahminian pot of gold there and these were the hues; the reflections of gigantic fires. The eye dwells for a long while on such a sight; one thinks that maybe the age of miracles is not past and is glad of the day and the opportunity that brings such a scene. In front of this green field's away about the unobtrusive beauty of the little town of Payson, as a flood of emeralds might part and swirl about some obstruction in the stream. There are yellow patches, golden and not so bright, and in the farthest distance a drowsy sign, moving bits of stone, forged in a cornfield, once green, but now yellow with the age of the old year. Through it all ran a golden road; its line fences sometimes lost by distance; it merged into the yellow fields as though it were liquid and had broadened into golden pools; lakes, swollen for a space only to be drawn back again and then on and on, over the green hills and into the blue spaces of the distance where the clouds, the golden road and the purple hills seemed to meet, just under the rainbow's arch.

Aid in the midst of this was the farmstead. About the home—large enough for a manor house—the spirals of poplars kept

sentinel, and from the chimneys, wreaths of blue smoke curled and lost itself in the indigo distance of the hills. The fold, with its buildings, weather-beaten and silvered by the years, lay hard by the gate standing hospitably open; the barn filled with grain and hay; the firewood corded against the north wall—a realized dream of peace, plenty and comfort. I spoke of it, turning to him as I did so, and the flesh of him pinked a bit as he answered:

"My home for many years; I've been here forty-two."

This is the Utah valley, where the United States government is building its great Strawberry Valley Irrigation project. And I was talking to J. S. McBeth, president of the Strawberry Valley Water Users' association. I was looking over the 40-acre farm which he owns and tills; I was speaking of his home; his sheep and his horses; when he told me he was from Iowa. Almost I could have said: "I knew it." He was and is different. Of few words, and those mildly spoken, generous, he yet retains in his early life the thrift and frugality that has made Iowa one of the wealthiest states of the union. Even as I talked to him he told me of the preparations he was making to go to Goshen—the dipping pens—at 3 o'clock the next morning. For forty-two years he has lived in the Utah valley; for forty-two years he has been the moving spirit in every enterprise that had its object the betterment of the country or of his fellows. For forty-two years he has fought the good fight, winning fortune, peace, power, wife and home out here in the new west, and still fighting for the children and grandchildren that cluster about his knees, climb upon his back and tangle the hair of grandpa.

Do you think it was easy to get him to talk of himself? Not much! I had to cross-examine him like a Philadelphia lawyer, learning as I went along this golden truth: Grit wins. Industry is a faithful soldier; thrift a good messenger; frugality a fine servant; but grit, nerve, daring, win; win in spite of everything; win for every man; for me, for you, as they win as they have always won for "Jim" McBeth.

He was 49 years old when he left a job as a farm hand nine miles from Iowa City. He was a well paid farm hand, getting \$15 each month, but it had not enough to take him to Omaha, then a shanty town, on the muddy banks of the Missouri. The builders of railroads were at work. Creighton was straining the telegraph wires; the scream of locomotives pierced the black nights of the valley and their red eyes, gazed in the Council Bluffs yards. Buffaloes were being hunted; Indians were being trailed; gold was being washed from creeks and the setting sun beamed and called. There were many, many boys who answered the same vocation; but at Omaha the farm hand looked for "Jim" McBeth, the farm hand, and he found the owner of the farm. He was sending out to the construction camp of the Union Pacific right-of-way. He was called a "mule skinner" in those days, and at Laramie—though there was no Laramie then—he bucked himself into his lines and went to scraping the black plains of Wyoming into some sort of a good for the "steam cars" to run on. "These were the days when a man with a plow guided his mules with one hand while he held on to a carbine with the other; the days when the Indians resented the coming of the white man's money; and the pony express guarded workers and the pony express brought the letters and news from home. Perhaps there were not so many temptations then; perhaps there were more, and "Jim" McBeth didn't yield to them as easily as boys do nowadays. At any rate he saved his money and before he got to Ogden he had three mule teams of his own and was contracting the labor of six mules, two men and himself to the contractors, cleaning up some money every month and

doing as well, proportionately, or better than any man on the job. The winter of '80 found him at Ogden and from there he went down to Salt Lake City, thence to Utah valley and on into Payson, then a thriving Mormon settlement seven miles from Utah lake, a crystal jewel set between the emerald hills of the Ogquirh and Wasatch ranges of mountains. It was a good place to winter the stock, for it was mild and feed was plentiful.

Of his days at Payson, Virginia City and Deer Lodge, of his Nevada trips little need be said. He bought and sold cattle, settled his own disputes, left decisions to the flip of a coin, the drawing of a lot and abided by the cast; neither complaining when it went against him, nor gloating when he got the best of it. He won and married Elana Elmer, a Mormon girl, no small triumph for a Gentile in those days, and, finally, in '86, bought the beginnings of his Payson farm and settled down; the farm and family growing as the procession of the years swept past.

Eight years ago, one morning, John H. Dixon, the mayor of Payson, drove out to McBeth's and asked him to be one of the party to go over into Strawberry valley, a cup in the hills, beyond Diamond mountain, fifty miles away and investigate the possibilities of an irrigation project to have its headwaters there and to irrigate, through a system of canals, the 60,000 acres of land in Utah valley. His judgment was needed and was asked for. Mr. McBeth, now, is frank enough to say that he did not believe in it; that he did not think it feasible; that he said so, but that he also said that if enough of the people about him, his neighbors, did believe in it, he would be one of them to see what could be done. This was characteristic of the man. He bowed to the will of the majority and went. With him went Heber Jex, the mayor of Spanish Fork; and State Senator Henry M. Gardner. They took with them Engineer Sevier and one on the ground, the engineer told them of how the thing might be done. A great reservoir site was to be found; Strawberry river was to be impounded; a tunnel was to be driven through the Wasatch hills, and a diversion dam was to be built far upon the west slopes of those mountains. It was all easy enough if the money could be had; but the difficulties were almost insuperable and a mass meeting of the people of the valley was called to meet at the town of Spanish Fork. That meeting appointed a committee of which Mr. McBeth was one and it set to work, first to measure the run-off of the Strawberry river and Horse creek. The general land office gave permission to go on the Utah Indian reservation to make reservoir and water locations. The committee did this, with Mr. McBeth, by this time an enthusiastic and tireless worker. The Utah State Land Board granted some financial assistance and the state engineer surveyed the reservoir for the purpose of making the water flows. These were so made that the water covered the two rivers. By this time it was discovered that no private enterprise; no capital which the farmers of the valley could control could finance and prosecute to successful completion so gigantic an enterprise as this was proving to be. Discouraged? Not a bit of it. J. S. McBeth is not one of the "discouraged" kind. The whole project was then called to the attention of the reclamation service of the United States government. United States Senator Reed Smoot and Senator Hand took up the matter so that the government signified its willingness to take up and finish the project. Here, however, a proviso was made that all water rights should be equal and this was thought impossible. Applied socialism was too new for the minds of the Utah valley farmers to grasp at once. It was thought, and many of those who had been full of hope took to their heels in despair. Not so J.

McBeth. He persisted, rounded up his committee and in ninety days had written 1,500 contracts with individual owners of the water; has assigned these contracts to the United States government and the reclamation service took hold. The project then became an assured success.

Today, as I write, the project is over one half completed. The tunnel has been driven more than ten thousand feet into the mountains; the dam for the reservoir is built; roads have been constructed up the mountain side; telegraph lines make communication easy; the great electric power plant and the diversion dam is completed and in operation. Land is increasing in value; thousands of peach trees have been planted on the sunny "benches" along the hills; new houses are being built; and town and country have taken on an air of smiling and hopeful prosperity.

And this shows just what "grit" will do. The kind of grit they have in Iowa; the sort of grit that acquired three mule teams between Laramie and Ogden; the variety of grit that won a Mormon girl for

a wife. Persistence; keeping at it; nerve; that's what did it. The beginnings were small and inconsequential; the conclusion is that the United States Government has expended two millions of gold to reclaim sixty thousand acres of the most beautiful valley in all this wide world.

And "Jim" McBeth, with his grandchildren playing about his knees; tussling his hair, crowing on the laps of their mothers, sits in front of the grate fire, in his just completed \$10,000 home, getting ready to make a 3 o'clock start for Goshen and the dipping pens, where his 5,000 sheep are folded, tomorrow morning. He has had grit. He has had nerve, and he says: "From the time I left Omaha until now I have never seen the day when I couldn't meet all my obligations, cent for cent, and have a little something left over."

It's all right to grow and expand and become "big," but it is another thing to grow and play safe while you are doing it. Almost any "dreamer" can do the first, but it takes grit; pure grit to do the second.

Utah is Store House of Wealth in Its Resources

State is Reported on Eve of a Great Revival in Commercial and Industrial Affairs.

SPANISH FORK, Utah, Nov. 12.—(Special Correspondence.)—I believe that so soon as the eastern people know more of Utah, this state will experience the most decided revival, commercially, industrially and agriculturally, of any state in the west.

This is the belief of Frances M. Snell, cashier of the First National bank of Spanish Fork, Utah.

Mr. Snell is a native born Utahian. This city is his birthplace and he has lived here the greater portion of his life. He says he has seen these states of the Utah lake grow, slowly, conservatively, but surely, and believes that the future of them, within the next few years is greater than in the past half century.

"Utah is the pioneer of irrigation; in a modern sense, we began that system of farming in this state and successfully developed it throughout the whole of this inter-mountain region. That we have not done the same big things here as elsewhere is partly due to the east with which we have made money here; so easily as now to require much effort; and partly due to the fact that we have lived within ourselves, paying but little attention to the world of business, effort and hurry."

"Long ago we mastered the secrets of successful dry farming and we have raised as much grain on any of the world of our dry farms in the most unproductive years as the highest average of the mid-west states. Our fruit, especially peaches, takes the lead over all other sections in the west and wherever it is known it is most eagerly sought and brings the highest prices. The first sugar factory making sugar from the beets to the table was established at Salt Lake City, and by the first of next year will be the first in the continent. Utah may really be said to have the greatest number of sugar factories over its semi-arid area of any other section in this country. The farmers make money raising the roots, the working men make money through employment at the factories, and the cities make money through having the factories, weighing stations, and shipping plants, located near them. In almost every dairy product Utah exceeds any other state and the Utah valley surpasses the rest of Utah."

"In addition to this we have mountains of copper, solid lakes of asphalt, great areas of coal, inexhaustible supplies of iron, salt enough to last the universe for an eon of centuries; gold, silver and oil, all contribute to make of this state the most promising field for investment and settlement in all the west."

"That's the way F. M. Snell, cashier of the First National bank of Spanish Fork



FRANCIS M. SNELL, Cashier of the First National bank of Spanish Fork, Utah.

Idaho People Are Enthusiastic Over the Big Land Show

Western State to Have Exhibit at the Land Products Show in Omaha Soon.

BOISE, Idaho, Nov. 12.—(Special.)—Idaho is enthusiastic over the Western Land Products exhibit. Displays from this state at the two National Corn expositions in Omaha have brought splendid results by bringing good settlers to the state and also by attracting the attention of the people of the east to the splendid quality of the products of the state.

"I can trace \$50,000 of business to the display we made at your city last year," said C. J. Binzel to the writer, when discussing plans for the exhibit in January, "and today I received orders for five acres of our Boise valley apples as a direct result of the work we did at Omaha."

The Southern Idaho League of Commercial clubs is planning a display which will

show the people of the middle west some of the great possibilities of their state and their exhibit will be the most unique one which has ever been put on at a land show. It will not only be one where the apples, grain and potatoes of this section will be displayed, but the live stock, corn and other industries will be shown. Besides they will run a series of features each day which will "keep things popping" all the time.

Omaha people will be watching Idaho from January 13 to 28. W. O. P.

Tightwads and Others.

The members of the Anti-Tightwad club, organized by the girls of a Kansas high school for the purpose of boycotting the young men who show no disposition to buy live cream and soda water for their girlfriends, will probably be unpopular with the members of a society organized in Chicago some years ago under the queer name of "We Pay Our Own Way club." The originator of the movement, speaking of it, said at the time: "The members of this body are young women who work for their living. Nearly all have occasion to buy live cream and soda water for their girlfriends. We don't wish to consume a lot of time twice a day insisting on paying our own carfare, so we have organized and wear the 'Pay' pin. By paying our own way we gain time for conversation, keep our independence and the boys save their nickels without ruining the chances of being called stingy."—New York Tribune.

The Tenderfoot Farmer

It was one of those experimental farmers, who put green spectacles on his cow and fed her shavings. His theory was that it didn't matter what the cow ate so long as she was fed. The questions of digestion and nourishment had not entered into his calculations.

It's only a "tenderfoot" farmer that would try such an experiment with a cow. But many a farmer feeds himself regardless of digestion and nutrition. He might almost as well eat shavings for all the food he gets out of his food. The result is that the stomach grows "weak"; the action of the organs of digestion and nutrition are impaired and the man suffers the miseries of dyspepsia and the agonies of nervousness.

To strengthen the stomach, restore the activity of the organs of digestion and nutrition and brace up the nerves, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is an unfailing remedy, and has the confidence of physicians as well as the praise of thousands healed by its use.

In the certain sense "Golden Medical Discovery" is a temperance medicine. It contains neither intoxicants nor narcotics, and is as free from alcohol as from opium, cocaine and other dangerous drugs. All ingredients printed on its outside wrapper.

Don't let a dealer delude you for his own profit. There is no medicine for stomach, liver and blood "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery."

MEN OF YEARS JOIN THE ELKS

G. Fogus and John H. Hulbert Are Taken into the Local Order Friday Night.

Two of the oldest men ever initiated into the local lodge of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks were taught the mysteries of the order in the Elks' home Friday night. They are G. Fogus, 78 years young, and John H. Hulbert, 71 years young. Mr. Hulbert is bailiff for Judge Lee S. Estelle in the criminal division of district court. S. Walsky, the pastor of Douglas county bar, is the only man of more advanced age ever initiated by the local Elks. He is 81.

Several young men also were initiated Friday night.

Good Violin is a safe investment. The older it gets, the more it increases in value. Our collection of old and new VIOLINS is one of the largest in the west, and among them are a great number of SOLO VIOLINS made by such makers as Guaraldi, Gruili, Martin, Horstmann and many others. PRICES range on complete outfits (including case, bow, rosin, chin rest and extra set of strings) from \$3.00 up. Sold for cash or easy payments.

We also carry a full line of Holton Cornets, Washburn Mandolins, Hurton Guitars, Banjos and Mandolins, Accordeons, Flutes, Piccolos, Clarinets, Mouthorgans, Autoharps, Melodeons, Banjo Drums, Bass Drums, Chitties and Turkish Cymbals, Swiss Music Boxes and the finest line of strings FOR ALL INSTRUMENTS. OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST.

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